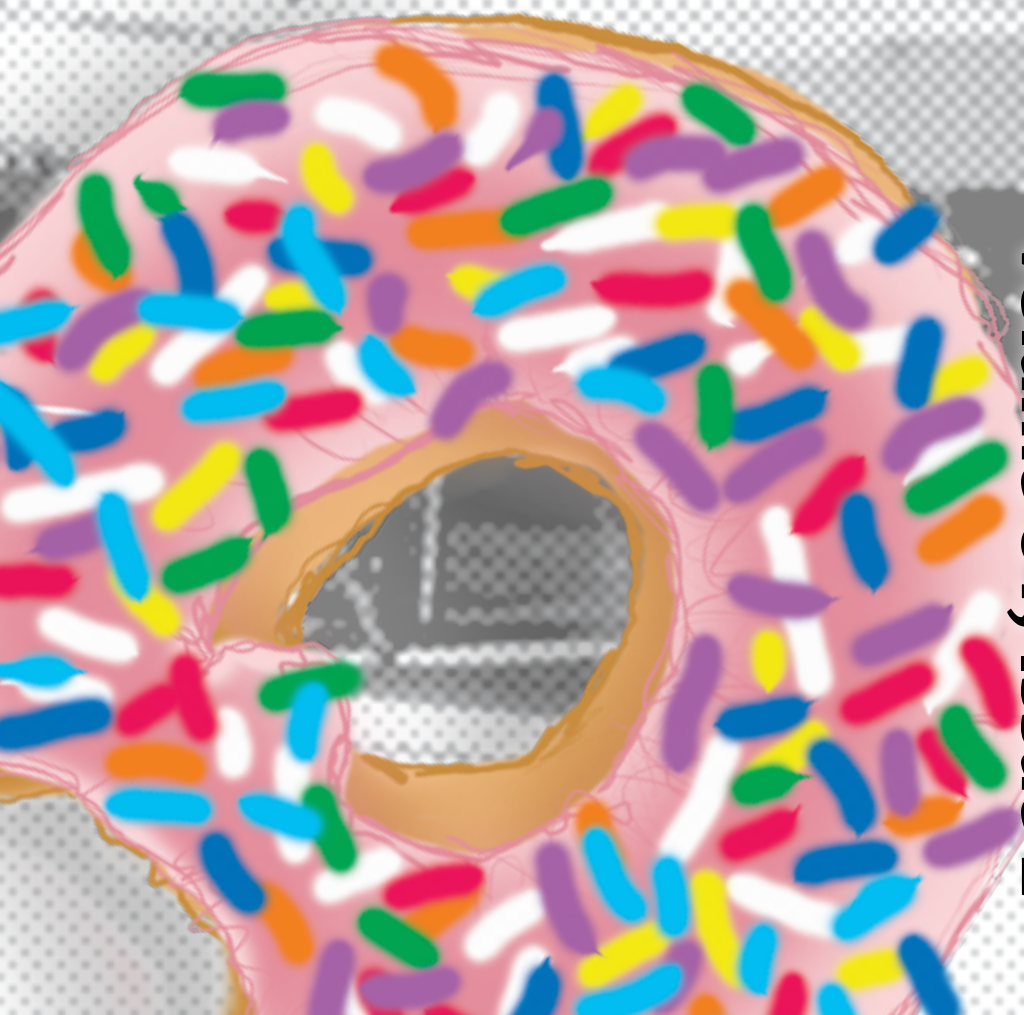


The Peak Queer Issue

Volume 51, Issue 2



Contributors

www.GUELPHPEAK.org

HEIDI JÄÄSKELÄINEN

VICTORIA FRANK

EARFUL OF QUEER

FAGPUNK

APPLETUBBS

CID

FIERCE & FABULOUS
KREW

ANON

E.WAR

TRASHCORE

CC.

THE PEAK
VOLUME 51, ISSUE 2
OCTOBER 2011

GET IN TOUCH:
PEAK@UOGUELPH.CA

OFFICE:
UNIVERSITY CENTRE
ROOM 258
UNIVERSITY OF GUELPH
GUELPH, ON
N1G 2W1

union bug



PHOTOS: HEIDI JÄÄSKELÄINEN



Queer Glossary	2
Queer Resources in Guelph	3
Trans in the System <i>E.war</i>	4
Earful of Queer Reviews: <i>Butch is a Noun Cc</i>	6
Artist Statement <i>Victoria Frank</i>	8
Earful of Queer Reviews: <i>Feminism for Real Cid</i>	10
Fuck Work, Fuck Money <i>Trashcore</i>	11
Being Queer <i>Anonymous</i>	14
Coming True <i>Fag Punk</i>	18

Glossary of Terms

These are a few words used though out this issue that we felt necessary to define. However, these definitions are not set in stone; they are only a place to start a learning process.

Ableism – The way physical, structural, psychological, and social barriers bar people with disabilities from fully accessing and participating in political, legal, economic, educational, health-care, and social institutions.

Asexual – A person who is asexual does not experience sexual attraction. Unlike celibacy, which people choose, asexuality is an intrinsic part of who people are. There is considerable diversity among the asexual community; each asexual person experiences things like relationships, attraction and arousal somewhat differently.

Autonomy / Autonomous – A person or collective of people who make decisions and act without outside coercion, who are self-governing. To act or live in autonomy.

Butch – A term used to describe masculine traits in a person, including; behaviour, style, expression, or self-perception. Butch can be used as an adjective or a noun.

Cis-Gender – Not transgender, that is, having a gender identity or gender role that society considers appropriate for the sex one was assigned with at birth. The prefix, cis-, is pronounced like “sis”.

Femme – A term used to describe feminine traits in a person, including; behaviour, style, expression, or self-perception. Femme can be used as an adjective or a noun.

Gender – A range of characteristics used to distinguish between males and females, particularly in the cases of men and women and the masculine and feminine attributes assigned to them. Gender refers to the socially constructed roles, behaviours, activities, and attributes that a given

society considers appropriate for men and women.

Genderfuck – Deliberately sending mixed messages about one’s sex, usually through one’s attire. It is based upon the belief/idea that either gender does not exist (but only in the context of culture) or that there are multiple genders (beyond male and female), including but not limited to transgender.

Hir – A pronoun formed from ‘his’ and ‘her’, to be used similarly, but denoting both, either, or neither gender.

Homophobia – Conscious and unconscious aversion, hatred, fear, discrimination, delegitimization, and violence (etc) toward people who are, or are perceived to be, homosexual.

Sex – Biological sex determined at birth. Sex refers to the biological and physiological characteristics that define men and women.

Trans – An umbrella term for individuals whose gender does not align with their biological sex.

Transphobia – Conscious and unconscious aversion, hatred, fear, discrimination, delegitimization, and violence (etc) toward people who deviate from normative and binary gender roles and expression.

Queermo – A word made up of the words queer and homo mashed up into one word.

Queer – Originally pejorative for gay, now being reclaimed by some gay men, lesbians, bisexuals and transgendered persons as a self-affirming umbrella term.

Ze – A gender neutral pronoun, used as a replacement for ‘he’ or ‘she’.

Zine – Do It Yourself published pamphlet type thing that can be about an array of topics from music to health issues.

Guelph has a few unique queer resources so get out there and browse those queer libraries.

First on our list is **Out On The Shelf:**

Out On The Shelf (OOTS) is a non-profit library and resource centre that has served the queer (gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender and transsexual) community in Guelph since August 2005. OOTS is a completely volunteer-driven organization with a collection of over 1200 books, magazines, videos, and DVDs available to anyone for loan. OOTS does charge a small annual membership fee (only five bucks!) but for this small sum you can gain access to this fascinating and rare resource. They have a few special collections including a reference-only queer zine collection, a small Chinese language resource collection and Transgressing Gender Resource Collection. OOTS is not only an awesome resource of all kinds of queer media but it is a safe and accessible space to hang out, relax, and read. All are welcome.

Next on the list of cool spots to check out is the **Guelph Resource Centre for Gender Empowerment and Diversity (GRCGED):**

In 1996, GRCGED changed its name from The Women's Resource Centre to its current title to include gender-queer and intersex folks. GRCGED is primarily a resource centre and is currently working towards building a resource collection that reflects the diversity of feminist experiences worldwide. Materials available in the library reflect many different facets of feminist thinking with sections such as children's, humour, art and self-help. Membership to sign out books is by donation to students and community members. GRCGED also has a private quiet room and crisis support available during office hours that can offer a listening ear as well as refer you to other useful resources and organizations.

GRCGED is a safe, warm, and inviting space to study and hang out with like minded folks.

Third on our list of local queer resources is the **Arrow Archive Zine**

Library Located inside GRCGED and open during GRCGED's hours of operation. Arrow Archive is a new addition to Guelph's queer resources. Over 1050 zine titles are available for reading, at the moment the Arrow is not cataloged within the GRCGED system so unfortunately zines cannot be borrowed. But... GRCGED provides the perfect environment for pulling a box of zines off the shelf for a good read. Zines on many subjects can be found at the arrow; from anarchist theory and comics about train hopping to DIY trans-lesbian sex and queer erotica. The shelves are packed with small press and self-published wonders. Put your zine reading shoes on and come on down to the Arrow Archive.

Out On The Shelf:

141 Woolwich Street, Unit 106
(in the Matrix building – facing Eramosa and to the left of the main entrance)
(519) 515-0691

OOTS is an accessible space.

Hours of Operation:

Tuesdays 5:00pm – 8:00pm
Wednesdays 10am – 1pm, 5pm – 8pm
Thursdays 10am – 1pm, 5pm – 8pm
Saturdays 11am – 5pm
Sundays 11am – 2pm

Guelph Resource Centre for Gender Empowerment and Diversity:

University Centre, Room 107
University of Guelph Campus
(519) 824-4120 x 58559
www.uoguelph.ca/~wrc/
grcged@gmail.com
GRCGED is an accessible space.

Hours of Operation:

Monday through Friday 11am – 5pm

The Arrow Archive Zine Library:

The Arrow Archive is located within GRCGED

University Centre, Room 107
University of Guelph Campus
(519) 824-4120 x 58559

arrowarchive.blogspot.com

thearrowarchive@gmail.com

Hours of Operation:

Monday through Friday, 11am – 5pm

Trans in the System

By E.war

Before her life was so unjustly interrupted, CeCe was a creative and energetic student studying fashion at Minneapolis Community and Technical College. She had a stable home where she lived with and helped support four other African American youth, her family. CeCe's family describes her as a leader, a role model, and a loyal friend. She is also known as a wise, out-spoken and welcoming person. Those closest to CeCe say she has a very cheerful disposition, as well as a history of handling prejudice with amazing grace.

On the morning of June 5th around 12:30am, CeCe and four of her friends (all of them black) were on their way to Cub Foods to get some food. As they walked past Schooner's Bar a man and two women (all of them white) began to yell epithets at them. They called CeCe and her friends faggots, niggers, chicks with dicks, and suggested that CeCe was dressed as a woman in order to rape the man (whom we know to be Dean Schmitz).

We like to ignore events things like this, label them as unfortunate acts of an unruly society. This is not an isolated event: queer and trans folks have always been a target of ridicule, harassment, and violence. Violent and degrading events are factored into their lives and taken as 'just what happens if you want to be out'. Not only do folks like CeCe have to face the ugly side



of society, they also have to take the worst that the system have to give. Many trans folks are detained within the criminal 'justice' system under a gender that they do not identify with and are called by their, potentially triggering, birth or legal names. They are raped and beaten (by fellow inmates and guards alike) for being

who they truly are. Law enforcement and the prison system choose to ignore them, just as mass society chooses to ignore these issues. If we as the people of this society want to progress and truly exist in peace we must to acknowledge and respect the individuality of every person, their choices, and their being.

SUPPORT CECE:

Write her a letter* (address regularly changes, check website for most current address):

**Public Safety Facility
Chrishaun Reed McDonald #2011014667
401 South 4th Avenue
Suite 100
Minneapolis, MN 55415**

*Inmates are not allowed to receive packages, including photographs. Packages will not be accepted and will be returned to the sender. Photographs will be removed from the envelope and returned to the inmate at the time of release. Please note that all letters sent to the jail are opened, read, and inspected by jail staff. Use good sense about what you say in your letter, and don't write about anything that is likely to get you or anyone else in trouble with the cops.

SUPPORT CECE MCDONALD ON THE WEB:

supportcece.wordpress.com

Correspondence program for gay, lesbian, transsexual, transgender, gendervariant, two-spirit, intersex, bisexual and queer inmates in Canada and the United States:

www.prisonercorrespondenceproject.com

butch (búch)

Earful of Queer reviews:

Butch is a Noun

by S. Bear Bergman

B*utch is a Noun* is a collection of personal essays that discuss S. Bear Bergman's understanding and experience of butch as an identity. I mainly accessed the book as a reference point for my life and my own identity. I read the essays out of order, each one standing by itself, to help guide me and provide insight into how I act and interact with the world. Some of the essays triggered awkward feelings of recognition, others gave me the same emotional reaction as being called out by a close friend, and others just pissed me off.

I also find queer theory texts almost impossible to read—I'm not well versed in the appropriate vocabulary, and don't understand the theoretical comparisons at all—With this in mind, I found this book

refreshingly easy to access. The language was simple, and made up of poetry-prose stories, which I found easy to relate to, because this is how I initially came to queer—from stories and experiences.

While reading this collection of essays, it was really important for me to consistently remind myself that this was one butch's stories and experiences—and that it wasn't trying or pretending to be anything more. Bergman is simply relating hir experience—sometimes, revealing hir vulnerabilities (as in the pieces 'Drawbridge', 'Faggy Butches', and 'Getting Fucked'), maybe in the hopes that this will help us feel more empowered to begin similar conversations within our own communities.

ch) *n.*, *adj.* *Slang.* — *n.*



Though I was frustrated by some of the content, (such as assumptions that more cops equals more safety; the general lack of stories about butches who maybe resist the institution of marriage; or butches of colour negotiating a white queer community, I reminded myself that it was not Bergman's place to tell these stories. And that if these are the stories I want to hear, if these are the hirstories I want to learn to inform my own identity, then I need to be working harder at seeking and making space for these stories.

In some ways, this book also feels as if it is Bergman's contribution to passing information forward and onwards, to provide for the mentors ze found online, when ze was first figuring out what kind of queer ze would become. Not an

instruction manual, but a collection of experiences, to (hopefully) help and mentor other folks who would be trying on pieces of butch to see what fits them, what can be molded to individual use, and what is better left behind.

Though I am no closer to understanding what butch is and what it isn't, and where I fit in, I don't believe that helping me figure this out is the intention of the book. However, this collection of stories became the starting point of conversation with the queermos and genderfuckers in my life; what we agree and disagree about, what we don't understand, and how we relate elements of butch (n.) to our anarchist (v., n.) identities.

cc.

Artist Statement

Victoria Frank

PHOTOGRAPHY: VICTORIA FRANK

Currently I am exploring the stereotypes of gender and gender identity through photography.

I have been researching the work of Claude Cahun, Nan Golding, Merry Alpern and Collier Schorr and am interested in their work concerning masculine and feminine identities. What makes a male, what makes a female, where are the boundaries, what happens when the lines blur.

Earlier this year I documented through photography the incredible transformative process one individual undergoes on a weekly basis. A drag performer allowed me to observe an intimate and ritualistic process of preparing for a performance. All traces of masculinity systematically vanished in a diamond encrusted cloud of sparkles and lip-gloss. Every aspect of his personality changed, right down to demeanour and tone of voice. This process fascinates me and I would like to explore this subject matter further.

The gay male persona has been well documented and the gay aesthetic has created a strong foundation in present day culture. The glitter, spotlights, the over-the-top tendency for extravagant dress are all characteristic of one prevalent type of gay male, which in this way, is very feminine. There is, however, a broad spectrum of diverse and distinctive personality types who also identify in this community. Another, little known aspect of queer culture is the elusive lesbian. For every gay man who drags in sequins and stilettos, there's a girl who dawns a stash and yearn for centre stage. Drag Kings are still not very well known, and are far from the social recognition that the Drag Queens have created for themselves. I believe this is due to a stronger masculine personality, which calls for a quieter more introverted character. But of course this is not always the case.



Media and pop culture currently have gay men and women grouped into a single category. I want to explore and document not only same sex relationships, but the masculine to feminine aspect as well as the many individual personalities and the different cultures within the cumulative cluster that media sees as the one category of 'GAY'. I would like to work through

this investigation using photography and photo based printing methods.

*If you identify within the queer community
and are interested in having your portrait
taken or performance documented,
please feel free to contact me at
frankv@uoguelph.ca
Confidentiality will be respected.*



Feminism For Real:

Deconstructing the Academic Industrial Complex of Feminism

Review by Cid (Fierce & Fabulous Krew)

This book is wonderfully confrontational; an exceptionally articulate critique of current feminism. Through this collection of essays, stories, and conversations, Jessica Yee has created a youthful deconstructive lens through which to see the disconnect between the ideals of equality and unity and the oppressive realities of mainstream feminism.

Every chapter challenges a different aspect of feminism, which, by being aimed at improving the situation of white, middle class, academic, cis-gendered women under patriarchy, has left out or directly oppressed groups of 'othered' people, or even further colonized pre-existing and parallel struggles. *Feminism For Real* does this by showcasing the voices of mostly indigenous and non-white, young, queer and two spirit people, and people with out institutional training or class privilege. The format as well represents a break from academia; using conversational writing style, poetry, swearing, and the kind of punctuation one would see in casual emails between friends.

This is a great 'introductory feminism' type book without all the bullshit that the included authors have experienced from feminism. It could help create a new entry point, for everyone who would be left out of feminism, or for people who do identify as feminists currently, to (re)examine dogmatic ideas. It puts



Feminism For Real:
Deconstructing the Academic Industrial Complex of Feminism
Edited by Jessica Yee
Publisher: Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives
ISBN 978-1-926888-49-1

forward a vision of inclusive, confident, personal yet unified, grassroots change, by listening to and respecting a leadership role from people who are generally ignored by feminism.

Fuck Work, Fuck Money

By Trashcore

I just got home from work. I saw a client, a regular. He told me he loved me twice while fucking me and kissing me like a fucking giraffe. I tried not to make the face that says I hate this, and instead put on that oh yeah baby smile that probably just ended up looking more like a grimace than anything else. Oh well, who really cares. I don't, not as long as he pays me, and he did so fuck him. Goodbye creep-bag see you again in a couple weeks.

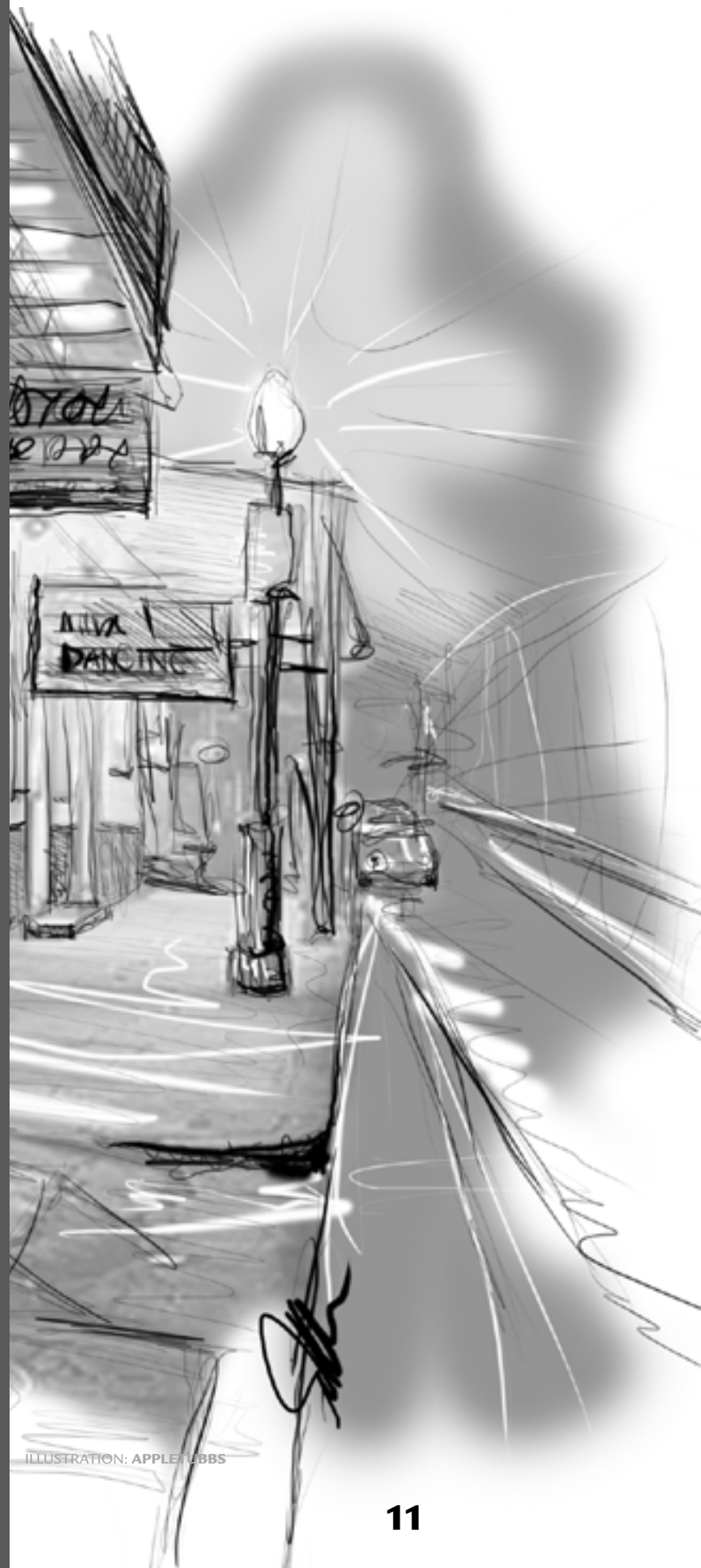


ILLUSTRATION: APPLE TUBBS



ILLUSTRATION: APPLETTUBBS

We laid there after fucking, he cuddled me, every so often trying to inch his cock closer to a part of my body that his cum should never touch, so I strategically squirm so that it didn't, but in a way that he doesn't notice that that's what I'm doing. He's talking to me about how he's a human rights lawyer or some shit, and how once he went to Nicaragua and met a poor, eighteen year old boy there, promised to help him get Canadian status, brought him here and then "made him his boyfriend." That is, until he started smoking weed in the house, and he "put him on a plane and sent him back to Nicaragua." 'Cause "He forgot that he didn't even have money to pay for shoes there, now he remembers again."

I tell him I have to go soon, it's 11:50pm and I'm supposed to be gone by 12:10. So all of the sudden he starts kissing me (again, like a giraffe) and then grabs a condom puts it on his cock and rolls on me and without even so much a word sticks his dick in my ass, doesn't even ease it in, just shoves it in and it hurts, I yell and get up and say "what the fuck", and "I'm leaving now."

I pay for the last metro but just barely miss it. Out of nowhere a really helpful and very beautiful francophone lady helps me try to figure out how to take the bus home, she even talks to one of the STM (Montreal public transit) guys in french for a while about directions for me. I wonder why she wants to help me, somebody she perceives as being a man, at one in the morning; I more than likely wouldn't. I try telling her that I'm just going to take a taxi because if I take the bus I'll just get even more lost and won't make it there anyway. But after a long night, and the loneliness that comes with being in this isolating and sometimes harsh, big, city- it feels overwhelmingly good to have her be so kind to me, so I don't really try too hard. Before we part ways I tell her that I'll just call a taxi from the pay phone, she tells me not to and brings me outside to show me where some taxi's usually line up and then.... thanks... me? I tell her "no, thank you, so much," and she smiles and walks away.

In the taxi we drive by her and the taxi driver slows down and checks her out creepily. I decide I don't like him and

don't want to listen to his stories about Montreal anymore. I start to wonder if being a hustler is even worth the money. Especially when sometimes full service, being an FTM, lots of times means getting fucked in two holes in one hour. Maybe it doesn't have to be that way but i never made money when I didn't offer almost everything I had to give. So here I am fucking people for money, for way less money than I would like because I need that little bit of money.

I'm at home talking to my partner who is also at work, at a massage parlor. She says the boss is making her go sit in the front window on St. Catherine street in her underwear. I tell her that sucks and we talk about how fucked this line of work is most of the time. She's there till 5 am. It's 2:23am now and I hope she's okay, and that men aren't banging on the glass window scaring her.

Sex work is draining. I hate even calling it that. It seems like such an academia-made title. It seems like sugar coating most of my experiences being a transguy hooker. They haven't been neat and tidy like that title suggests. I get that people are trying to de-stigmatize hookers by legitimizing their profession as work, but so often it just seems like the only people that use that title are activists who are middle to upper class folks or whatever. And besides, sex work doesn't feel like work to me; it feels like getting fucked(over) for money.

There isn't anything out there to read that I can relate to as a transguy who sucks cock, fucks, receives facials and does pretty much whatever for a hundred dollar bill or less. I think I can

half remember something I might have read maybe once about some transguy being a hooker somewhere? I guess that's what made me want to write this, because there's nothing, or at least very little out there about us.

Who do we talk to about fucking people for cash to make ends meet? I know that I can talk to the many number of cis-gendered women I know and love

that do sex work, but so often that just feels like shit. I hear about how much money they can make or ask for from clients. How they can break 350 dollars in one night. How much money they can ask for for full service. I love them so much and I definitely want them to make the most money doing this shit as they possibly can, but I also end up feeling so gross and shameful about the things I've done for eighty bucks or less.

It also isn't just entirely about the vast differences or privileges that exist between us. It's also about the ways that I relate to sexuality and gender as transguy, and how that effects the ways I interact with fucking for money.

I guess the point is that if there isn't much out there to help us feel like we have something to relate to when we come home from a john then what does that mean? Does it mean there just aren't that many sex workers that are transguys? I highly doubt that. Does it mean that we just aren't writing or documenting in some way our experiences? Maybe. Does it mean the amount of visibility that we have within the "sex worker rights" movement is super limited and almost invisible? In my experience, I would say yes.

It also isn't just entirely about the vast differences or privileges that exist between us. It's also about the ways that I relate to sexuality and gender as transguy, and how that effects the ways I interact with fucking for money.



Being Queer

BY ANON



For me, being queer is not centered around the kind of sex I have. To me, queerness exists as a relationship to sexuality that allows me to relate to my desires and my sexuality in an autonomous, honest, understanding, and critical fashion that breaks free of normative discourses and identities of sexuality. Reflection of my past experiences with sex and my current experiences as a sex worker help me strengthen this relationship and re-evaluate the place of my own sexuality in this world. However this relationship is constantly under attack from patriarchy and normativity, and sustaining queerness can be challenging.

My experiences on their own do not challenge patriarchy and the idea that there is such a thing as normal sex. However, reflection and contextualization of them with in an anarchist context has lead me to embrace queerness and regain control over my own sexuality. I have had a multitude of sexual experiences, from great to awkward to somewhat terrifying. When I was fifteen years old I had the terrible experience of non-consensual sex. After this, I vowed to not have sex for a really long time. My relationship to my sexuality was stolen from me before I even got the chance to develop it. Queerness, that is the ability to embrace my desires, was not an option, and after this experience my sexuality no longer meant anything to me. Over the next few years I began to regain the ability to see myself as having sexual desires. There was and will never be one single point where I regain my sexuality and desires.

The defence of my relationship with my desires is an ongoing battle and is not only against rape but ideas of normal sexual practices.

One of the most vivid memories I have of challenging normative sexuality was of being seventeen years old traveling around Canada with my lover. She and I were fairly extreme with everything we did together. I remember one night walking around downtown, seeing some asshole hooting and hollering at us in a fairly demeaning and degrading way. We never discussed it, but we both saw his BMW keys, expensive watch and slick grin, so we walked towards him with a mission in mind. Next thing I know, I had his keys down my shirt, and was telling him the amount he would give us to get his keys back. I could tell he was a bit overwhelmed, scared, frustrated, and likely confused. This was a reverse of most of the experiences up to that point I had had with male-bodied people. What I did was likely not overly ethical; however, when I look back I realize that I was attempting to break through the moralistic patriarchal ways we are taught to deal with these kinds of situations. In situations where women are being preyed upon they are taught to cut their ties to their sexuality, hide it, cover up, and walk away. In this situation, I choose to use my sexuality to gain something and

In situations where women are being preyed upon they are taught to cut their ties to their sexuality, hide it, cover up, and walk away.

declare my sexuality as something that belonged to me.

Although, the above mentioned lover and I did not have a relationship based on queerness, it was a relationship that lead me to queerness. Although we were both female bodied, we had a relationship that was rooted in straightness. We first fucked when we were thirteen or fourteen years old and, like many girls our age was for the entertainment of men. We later learned that our desires for each other existed outside of the normal discourse of the wild and crazy bisexual, experimental teenage girl. It was terrifying and exciting to learn this, but for a while we found an escape route for the monotony of the normative world through our desire for each other and slowly started to have sex for our own pleasure. However these brief early acts of queerness ended as the tyranny of normalcy came down, and straightness was an easier option for her. The discourse of the explorative bisexual was easier to

My desires have a tendency to sit in conflict with capitalism, patriarchy, morality, and most other forms of repression and dominance.

accept and no attack could be laid against it. This is a perfect example of how sexual discourses are created in order to re-appropriate queerness. The idea of the female bisexuality as a phase, or as a ploy to get men, allows one to explore their desires without challenging the control of their sexuality. This is not new, and this scheme dates back to ancient greek times, where sexual deviance (i.e sex between two males) is only okay in specific circumstances. All and all, these discourses and others steal away our relationship to our desires and queerness in general.

After watching a lover fall victim to straightness (that is, the control of our desires, not heterosexual desires!) and

almost having my own desires stolen from me, I vowed to choose joy and embrace queerness by understanding that my desires and sexuality are my own. Today I do sex work, which is a possibility for me because of my ability to embrace queerness. Personally I am not sure how I could do, or enjoy doing, sex work without understanding all the things that make me queer.

My relationship to sex work exists because of my queerness, and also brings me closer to it. Sex work, has given me the opportunity to engage in different kinds of sex with different types of people, allowing me to experience sexuality and desires in many ways.

For example I have a few memorable experiences of having sex with non-able bodied people. The details of this will remain undisclosed; however, learning how some non-able bodied people like to be touched and how they touch you has been an inherently queer experience for me that shatters any ideas of normative sex I once had.

This work has also allowed me to view critically the assumptions of the desires that certain types of people have. The idea that most forty year old white men want to have dominating penetrative sex with a female bodied person is obliterated. Many men I have encountered have wanted to have what they call “sexual fantasies” (which in reality are just their desires, but calling them fantasies allows them to pretend they exist in a different world) fulfilled, from having cum poured on

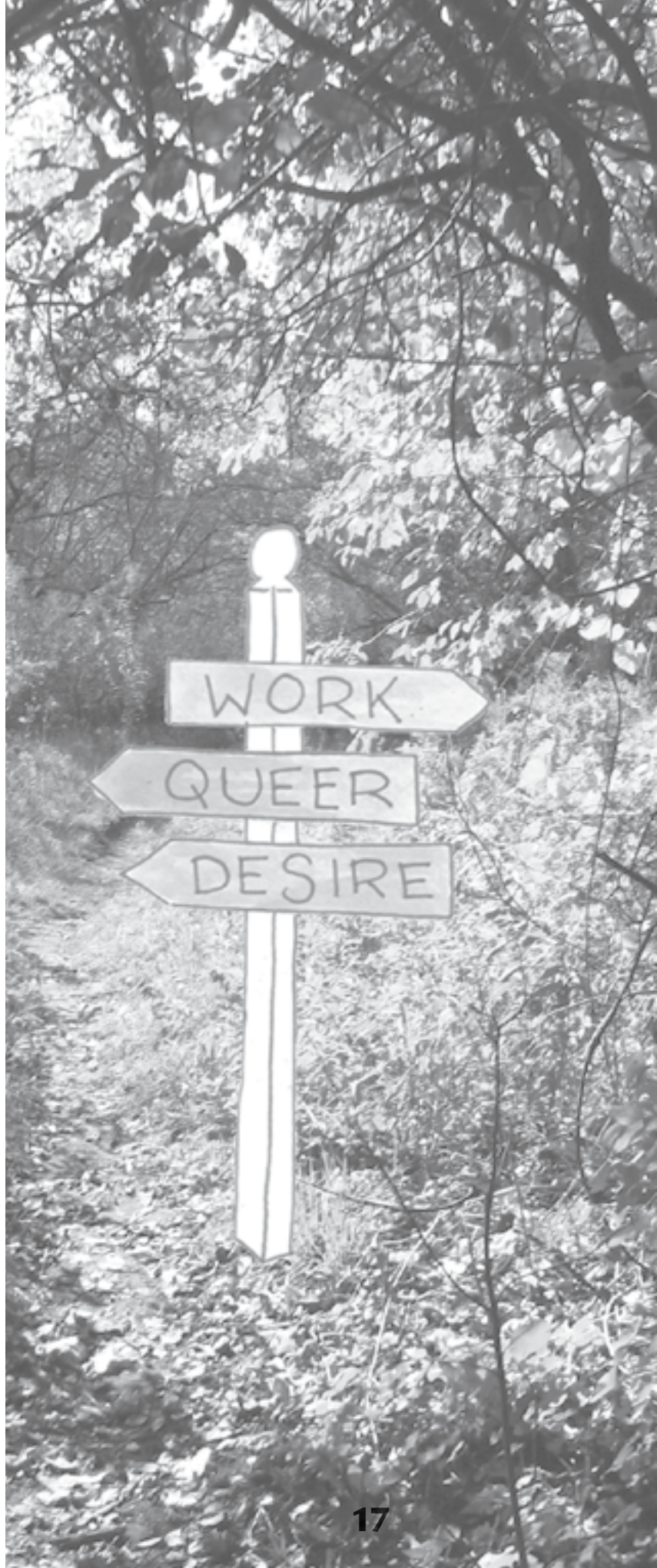
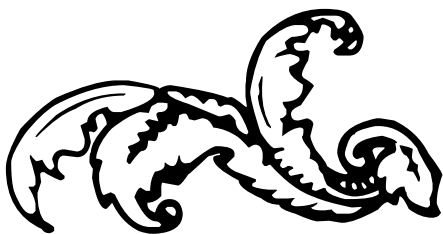
Sex work, has given me the opportunity to engage in different kinds of sex with different types of people, allowing me to experience sexuality and desires in many ways.

them, to being tied up, penetrated, to being peed on excreta. It has also been challenging to not have the gut reaction of “gross” to some of these requests and acts. However, the more I do sex work, the clearer it becomes that sex takes a lot of shapes and forms and that me wanting to have my sexual desires are no more normal than anyone else’s, whatever Freud may say.

Sex work has also allowed me to understand the multitude of desires I have, such as being submissive. I have been taught by many feminists that women are taught to be submissive to men via patriarchy, and that the desire to be submissive to a man is fucked up. What I have learnt from doing sex work, and being queer, is that what is fucked up is being taught what our desires are, by patriarchy or by feminists.

I have learnt that I enjoy things I didn’t realize I did. Lately I have even come to not feel weird about having sex, and getting off, on things I don’t necessarily think of as sexy, or that I would not do for free. Our bodies are pretty amazing things, and I do no longer believe that all our sexual desires, or experiences, need to play out in any specific way. Sex work has made these learning experiences inevitable.

My desires have a tendency to sit in conflict with capitalism, patriarchy, morality, and most other forms of repression and dominance. In general they also sit in conflict with dominant discourses on what normative is. Something I strive to practice more often in general is to act directly from my desires. I feel like queerness, as the ability to maintain a ‘positive’ relationship to desires, allows me to do so when it comes to sexuality.



Coming True

by Fag Punk

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING IS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT AND FAG PUNK IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY SEXUAL AROUSAL OR INSPIRATION CAUSED DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY BY CONTENT OF THIS STORY.

As the last song of the set rings out you drop the mic in disgust. A dull thunk bangs though the PA. You stand naked from the waist up gasping for breath, your body labored while heaving for oxygen. Your dark eyes glare out into the blackness before you, before you a writhing crowd of twenty-somethings. You turn from them and walk down the few steps off stage. From the back of the bar I can see you hand-shaking the guys and letting the girls wrap their arms around your sweaty body. I linger over the scene



of you flirting with your fans as I down the last of my watered down draft from the flimsy plastic cup the bartender gave me. I head to the bar hoping it's not 2 am just yet, I want one more pull before last call. I stand at the bar. Failing to be served, I think: where to head next? Not a beat passes and you approach me from behind.

“If you want to ride me you’ll have to wrap up.”

“Hey!” You yell into my ear and I turn to see you wearing a crisp white t-shirt, it clings to your fresh off the stage sweaty skin like punk rock spandex. Knowing the draught at the bar you ask if I’d like another beer. I stare at you, star struck.

You motion me to follow you to the back of the club and I follow you out the back stage door to the ally where a cab waits idling, door open. You dip your head into the car and crawl onto the bench seat in the back of the taxi. I gingerly stick my head into the cab and ask where you are heading but you pull me in by a fist full of my t-shirt, dragging me on to your lap. Your lips forcefully find mine and my punk rock dream comes true. I reach and slam the car door shut while kissing you back. Your lips pull from mine briefly to spout an address to the driver and we are

off, stop-and-go driving in the middle of Toronto. Your lips again find mine and your hands grope my hard labor toned arms and chest. You ask if I'd like to go somewhere to fuck around.

I say "well, yeah..." Shrugging my shoulders and rolling my eyes around the cab to demonstrate the redundancy of your question. I want you as much as you want me.

You speak, "I saw you in the back of the club, quiet boy approaching his thirties still going to shows trying to cling to some shred of punkness."

"I guess, well I am twenty-seven." I stammer sounding a little embarrassed, I couldn't believe you totally called it.

"Yep, there is one in every town." Happy with your comment, you lean in for my mouth.

Then there was silence, except for the kiss noise smacking of our lips. I could see you look up the front to the rear-view to watch the driver watch us.

"He can't keep his eyes off of us." You whisper in to my neck, smile on your lips. I hear the driver clear his throat and snap the radio on.

The cab pulls up to a cheap hotel in the middle of the city. You throw twenties at the man in the driver seat and you pull me from the cab. I stumble from the car and you drag me into a golden coloured elevator. We wait until the door closes to embrace and kiss. The doors slide open on the tenth floor and you bolt down the hall, I give chase charging after you. Quickly I am behind you. I wrap my arms around your middle, I stumble on the seven or eight beers I had at the bar and take you down with me. I fall on top of you. You twist mid fall and we land face to face on the tenth floor low pile high traffic carpet. You slide your hands up my sides and send a shiver down my spine. You pull my thin shirt over my head and toss it aside.

Suddenly the door to our left opens and a flustered woman shrieks as the sight of two heavily (badly) tattooed men sucking face in the hall. You giggle, she

slams the door. Behind the heavy hotel door we can hear a deep male voice asking her what's wrong and her tearful answers. The door opens again this time with a big hairy angry looking guy in the door frame.

"WHAT THE FUCK!?!!" he shouts.

You wiggle out from under me, stand and coolly slide your white door key into the slot of the door next to his.

"FUCKING FAGGOTS!" the hairy man spits at us. I stand and jump at him, feigning an attack. He quickly retreats into his room slamming the door. You giggle again and push the door to your room open.

Suddenly I am flat on my back on a king-sized bed. Your square frame hovers over me. I pull your sweaty t-shirt over your head to reveal your patchwork skin with many well known and well photographed tattoos. Our skin meets. We kiss.

"Turn over." You whisper.

I oblige and kneel on the bed facing away from you, waiting for your next command. You turn and flick the TV behind us on to the local music station. Bad pop-punk forces its way out of the tiny stereo speakers on the hotel room TV while you reach around, unbutton and pull my jeans down off my ass. You zip out of your own stonewashed jeans and spit on to my crack, and grind your hips into me just enough to let your cock slide up and down my ass valley. Teasing me with your hardness. I stiffen.

"If you want to ride me you'll have to wrap up."

"But of course, I wouldn't have it any way else. Stay right there." You say, pulling away from me and pace over, hard on and all to a black mini-duffel bag on the night stand, from which you pull a tube

**...you pull me in
by a fist full of my
t-shirt, dragging
me on to your lap.
Your lips forcefully
find mine and my
punk rock dream
comes true.**



of lube and a strip of condoms.

You are back in place behind me, I hear you rip the foil package and slip a condom down your hardness. You drip some lube on to my hole and work in a finger or two. I arch my back letting your fingers widen my hole to a size that your cockhead could press into. With a hard slap to my ass you push the head of your dick into my ass. The familiar burn and brightness light my mind. You press further, then you are inside of me. All of you is there, I can feel it. You pull out and in and out and in again. I grip the rough well worn white linen of the hotel bed, letting small whimpers and gasps escape my lips.

"Make some noise, let me hear you..." You say. I lean back in to your hips and you reach around to tug at my hardness. "...let them hear you."

With every pump and pull, I let it out. I moan and yelp and buck around the bed, slamming the headboard against the wall, again and again. "BANG, BANG, BANG!" I can see little dents in the thickly wallpapered wall being formed by the wooden headboard. You grip my hips trying to keep your rhythm. I snort and grunt like a wild horse while we fuck. We put on a show for our neighbor audience. You yell obscenities while I climax shouting, "YES, YES, YES!"

You shoot your load safely into the latex glove provided, pull out and collapse next to me on the bed in a middle-aged heap.

You shoot your load safely into the latex glove provided, pull out and collapse next to me on the bed in a middle-aged heap. I fall forward on my side facing you. When I finally

open my eyes you are smiling and stroking my work tanned tight skin.

"Good show." You say gesturing with a glance to the neighbors on the other side of the shared wall

I laugh and close my eyes, letting the warmth wash over me.

"There is beer in the fridge, you're welcome to stay...if you'd like." You say to me as you roll off the other side of the bed heading to the bathroom. The bathroom door closes with a click of the lock and I let out a sigh.

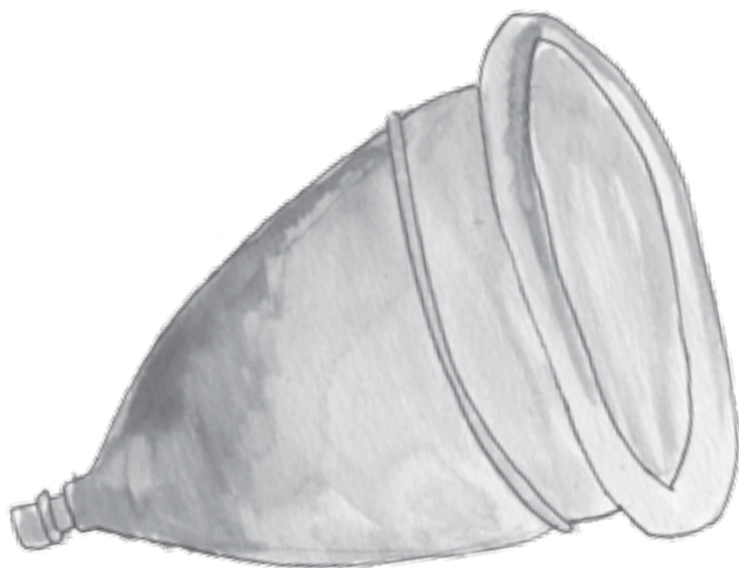
I roll onto my back and stare at the ceiling and hear the shower start to run. I rise and dress. I open the bar fridge to find it fully stocked with, YUCK! Lite beer.

I empty your mini duffel bag, condoms and other sexing things falling like rain on to the carpeted floor. I fill the little black bag with as many cold cans of lite beer it can hold and throw it over my shoulder. As I turn to leave I give a wink to the TV still blaring band pop punk hits. My housemates will be happy to see me tonight.

Fag Punk is a queer erotica zine and back issues (8,9,10) are available for \$2 USD or a few Canadian stamps each. Fag Punk is always looking for submissions of content; sexy stories, poems, or photos on theme and even some stuff that is off theme too. Submit to Fag Punk. Listen to more mash ups. Listen to more hardcore. Go to Hammer City Records (228 James Street North, Hamilton) and buy more vinyl. Contact: fagpunk@gmail.com

Menstrual Cups available at GRCGED

University Center Rm. 107



**Guelph
Resource Centre
for
Gender
Empowerment
and
Diversity**

**11 — 5
Monday thru Thursday
grcged@gmail.com**

Questions answered at: www.divacup.com



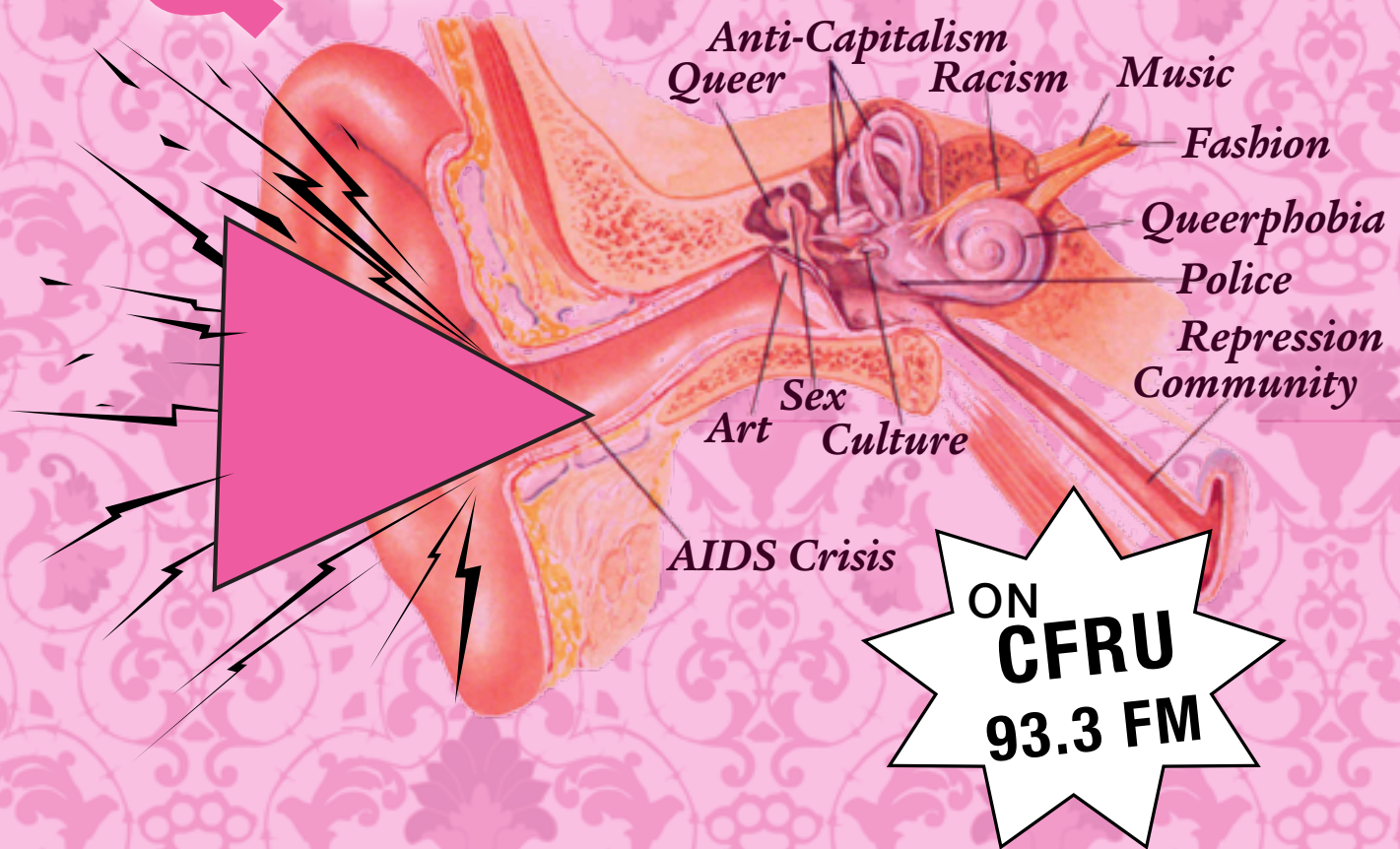
**Rm 107 in GRCGED
U of G campus**

**Come browse over 950 zines
Monday Thru Thursday 11-5**

**blog: arrowarchive.blogspot.com
email: thearrowarchive@gmail.com
mailing: Box 183, Guelph Ontario, N1G 6J6, Canada**

Earful of **Queer** Radio

*Your source for
queer news
and politics
that doesn't
suck*



Every **Monday**
From 3-4 PM

<http://EarfulofQueer.wordpress.com>